

C AN ZON 31.



ET none shall equal me in my
 demerit^ Though happier (may it
 fortune) he may court it! Nor shall
 more faithful love his suit inherit! Ne paint
 like Passion, though he shew more Wit I
 Admit, he write! My quill hath done as
 much ! Admit, he sigh! That have I
 done, and more ! Admit, he weep !
 These eyes have wept even such : Their
 tears, as hearty; and in greater store!
 Yet, nearer may he press, and swear " He
 dies ! " JOVE (thinks he) smiles at lovers'
 jurament : Prove him ! Then shalt thou
 find he falsely lies ! Many so threaten
 death, that nil experiment ! Repulsed, then
 will he sue to do thee service 1 Said not I
 well now, that " he falsely lies ! "

CANZON 33.



JJATURE, I find, doth, once a year, hold
 market! A gaudy fair of brooches and of
 babies ; And bounteously to all doth She
 impart it, Yet chiefly to true Lovers, and fair
 Ladies-There, may you see her dappart
 Com'nalty Clad, some in purple, some in
 scarlet dye; Whiles she (rich Queen I), in all
 her royalty, Commands them spread their
 chaffer to the eye.
 The buyer pays no impost, nor no fees; But
 rather to invite with wealthier pleasure, She
 booths her fair with shade of broad-branched
 trees, Wherein (good Queen !) her care doth
 match her treasure. With wealth of more
 cost, Nature doth Thee beautify ! Save,
 careless, she hath left no shelter 'gainst
 thine eye